Henry Buckler

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FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Reminiscences of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena.

By a Lady.

My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the Island of St. Helena, at a place called the Briers, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the Island.

This introduction was by chance, and thro' the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding school in England, daughters of the proprietors of the Briers.

We went, by invitation, to dine at the Briers, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the house at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age,) and the two young ladies before mentioned, in the garden before the Briers, when Bonaparte came forth from his tent (which was pitched one one side of the house,) accompanied by his secretary, Count Las Casas.

Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent; of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish gray, and when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was particularly vain of a *small* and *beautiful hand* and handsome little feet; as vain nearly (I dare say) as having conquered half the universe. Bonaparte laid a great stress on the beauty of hands in ladies, and frequently enquired of me, during our residence in St. Helena, respecting the hands of the ladies he had not seen; and seemed to think a pretty and delicate hand the *ne plus nltra* of beauty and gentility.

Napoleon was dressed on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a riband of some order, seen through the button hole of his coat.

The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the Ex-Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him "This lady, is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets."

Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low and reverential courtesy, feeling at the same time, a little confused at this sudden and unceremonious introduction.

'Madame,' said he, 'you have a sprightly litly little daughter: where did she learn to sing Italian songs?'

On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said '*Bon.*' He then asked me what countrywoman I was? 'English.'—'Where were you educated?'—'In London.' 'What ship did you come out in to St. Helena? 'What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?' And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. I then ventured to request he would speak to me in French, as I was more conversant with that language than with Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running to and fro around us, and chattering to the Great Hero, who seemed to delight much in their lively and unsophisticated manners. After walking some time in the garden, Bonaparte requested me to go into the house at the Briers, where a piano-forte stood open to sing Italian songs. Accordingly, we all entered the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, when my playful little daughter, perceiving me agitated and trembling at the idea of singing before so great a personage, whispered to me,—"Why are you so much afraid, dear mamma! he is *only a man.*'

The little creature had seen him at the Briers a few days before with some young friends, and had pleased and surprised him by singing several of Milco's Italian canzonets, and had accompanied herself on the pianoforte, altho' her little hands were scarcely able to reach the octaves; she had been always *accustomed* to play and sing whenever she was *ordered* or *requested* so to do; and she was not old enough to comprehend the powers and renown of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to judge of the awe and agitation his name was likely to produce, and had produced even on kings and queens.

Behold me now seated at the pianoforte, with the Conqueror of the World standing behind my chair. What an indefinable, indescribable sensation! I forgot my fears in my astonishment, and got through the song of "Ah che nel Petto," tolerably well. '*Bien,*' cried Bonaparte; '*C'est de Paesiello,*' which shewed he was well acquainted with the style of the composers. 'Ah,' said he, 'in my youth I could also perform a little on the pianoforte.' He then ran over the keys of the instrument in tolerable style, to show that he was not boasting of what he could not perform.

'The Italians,' said he, have certainly the first taste for music and composition in the world; then the Germans; then the Portuguese and Spaniards; then the French; and lastly the English; but really I do not know which of these two last have the *worst* taste in composition. But stay, I had nearly forgotten the *Scotch.* Yes; they have composed some fine airs.' All this he said in French, with his usual rapidity. 'Madame,' said he, 'you no doubt delight in performing and singing!' I bowed affirmatively. 'I was certain of it,' said he, 'we all delight to do what we know we do well." With this flattering speech he made a sliding bow and departed.

Viard, the celebrated French Cook.—This individual who, for upwards of half a century, has enjoyed a distinguished reputation among the Gastronomes of all Europe, died in Paris, a few days ago, at the age of 74. Viard was a *cuisinier* of the very first class, at the time when the Empress Catharine made her celebrated journey to the Crimea and he accompanied the Czarina on that memorable occasion. Since that period his reputation has been established throughout Europe. He was afflicted with all the caprices common to great men. He left Russia because he found the climate too cold, and the fogs of England caused him to decline the princely offers made to him by George IV, in whose service he had lived for several years. During the reign of Bonaparte, Viard was head cook to Cambaceres, and he superintended the celebrated dinners given by the Arch Chancellor of France, when he invited the Emperor.

The late Duke of Bridgewater, who died in Paris a few years since, considered himself unfortunate in securing the services of Viard, on the following terms: an annual salary of 6,000 francs, a suite of apartments out of the Duke's hotel, and 3,000 francs for coffee. Viard remained several years in the service of the Duke of Bridgewater, who, at his death, bequeathed to him a silver gridiron and frying-pan. These two costly culinary instruments were ornamented with the arms of the Duke, accompanied by the following device. "A. M. Viard, les estomacs reconnaissans." After the death of the Duke of Bridgewater, M. Viard retired from the occupation in which he had gained so much celebrity, and did not trouble himself with cookery except when he gave a grand dinner at his own house to his particular friends. On these occasions, the gridiron and fryingpan were triumphantly displayed.

Viard published several works, in which his profound knowledge of the science of cookery is fully developed. He was engaged on one of a very useful kind, which his death has prevented him from completing.

He was interred in the Cimetiere de l'Est, in a tomb which he had himself prepared, and which he visited regularly once a week. He ordered in his will that his coffin should be made sufficiently large to contain together with bis body, 100 pounds of salt and a quantity of bran.

FROM THE LONDON METROPOLITAN.

The Way to be Happy.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one: and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or substracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Ever thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation, that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner to be put off, Willemot replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire* a regular *Cordon Bleu.* You may eat any thing without fear or indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone we entered into friendly conversation, I expressed my admiration of his daughters; who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as to come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now a-days, and Irish lords are nothing; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him.—I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed "In town we must, of course, drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I enquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the working of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be large items had been struck out of his ballance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

O, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation.—Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you.

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artist extraordinaire.* I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether I think it a *decided improvement.* Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take *port* or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot, and with a *pair of horses.*

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses* I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you.—Thompson told me that you had come back, If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stable over the Iron Bridge.—His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton, drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern: We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is our *dinner-time.* Late dinner's don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man-servant, came out and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemot told me very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost pennyless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone; and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton: and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the Times," and arrived at the Bedford hotel. It was not until after some enquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day.—Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more?—Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horses, they are of no use here; there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey toddy.* It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience, then my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented, with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

A Short Story.

Mrs. Price, the widow of James Price of Llaugenoch Park, England, in 1829, placed her two daughters at a celebrated boarding school. Louisa was 16, Ellen 14 years of age. There were musical parties of both sexes, once a week, at the Academy, which were attended by many respectable people, and among others by two young merchants from the adjoining town, named Harris and Benson.

Perhaps it is needless to remark that Louisa and Ellen possessing superior endowments of mind and great beauty of person, very soon attracted the earnest attention of the two young merchants. The latter were afterwards received by Mrs. Price as suitors for her daughters. In June 1831 a large sum of money was left to the young ladies by their uncle on condition of their remaining single till the age of 25. Mrs. Price would not give her consent to their marriage till the provision of her uncle's will were complied with. What then was to be done? These mercantile lovers persuaded the young confiding and thoughtless girls to elope and peril their happiness on the faithlessness of man. The adventure was performed. The marriage was celebrated privately in an obscure church. The officiating priest was only an accomplice in the garb of a clergyman. Here let us skip over some length of time. Louisa, the deluded wife of Benson, becomes a mother. In June, 1833, Harris goes to Lisbon, on business, where he married a Miss Kent, daughter of a celebrated wine merchant. He returned to England last February with his new wife. Soon after Harris' return, Benson abandoned his wife, the mother of his two children; soon he sends a letter to the victims of his fraud, relating the whole affair of their false marriage and offering to make a settlement on them by way of reparation. Our readers can conceive the wretched fate of these unhappy females. Ellen died insane two weeks after this. Louisa hearing that her pretended husband was to be married on the 10th of March, first strangled her two infants, dressed herself in men's clothes, armed with pistols, went to the road and waited for the gig containing the objects of her revenge. She fired both pistols. Benson was shot dead. The horse being frightened run over the cliff into the river, where Harris was drowned. Louisa stabbed herself and was found dead across the corpse of Benson.—*Pawtucket Chron.*

Eloquent Extract.

BY T. FISK.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

If we cast a retrospective glance upon the past we see that change, blight, and ruin, mark the page of history. The light of other days flashes on the stormy wave of life, like the beacon of decay, gleaming upon a land of graves. The buds of hope have withered—the storm hath swept over the cankered flower like the breath of the desert to sere and blight. Earth's mightiest have become powerless—the arm whose strength was unyielding, is palsied.—The mother and the child—the hoary sire, and the giddy youth, have gone to their dwelling of repose. The hand that held the sceptre, the brow that wore the mitre, the voice that controlled the destinies of millions, the heart of the brave, and the warrior's arm are hidden in the mansion of the tomb. They who loved are scorned, those who grieved, and they that rejoiced, all have passed away. The founders of kingdoms, the builders of empires, the wise and the foolish, the king and the beggar, have alike become a banquet for the beetle and the worm.

Where now the heroes of the olden time? Where now their matchless legions? Where the swarthy brow of him who strode the might of Marius down? Where the might of him who bowed the fierce Scythian? who trained the Roman eagle to feast on blood; and mar the noblest work of God? Ask the deaf, the dumb—a voiceless answer comes—they slumber with the dead. The din of arms is hushed, the trumpet of their victories is silent. The ivy creeps upon their battlements, the raven broods in their decayed turrets: their deserted walls are crumbling into dust. The thunder whose bolt shivered empires, has died away upon the ear. Their spears no longer glitter upon the shrinking sight of foemen; a mightier conquerer hath spoken, and they are ashes; the heart of the haughty is cold, and the voice of the eloquent is dumb. All have gone down to slumber in the charnel house of dust and darkness—have passed away like the remembrance of a dream.

* * * * * *

It has ever seemed strange to the speaker, that an event, which comes alike to all, should bring such gloom and terror with it—particularly in a world where from the very nature and constitution of things, death must close the final scene of the great drama of human life. How singular, that an event that is so common, which we all know to be inevitable, should bring with it agitation, trembling and fear—that we should associate with it the idea of darkness, dread and desolation; as if it were some awful and unprecedented catastrophe—some terrible convulsion of the Universe; as if Nature had deviated from her course, and the mighty fabric were crumbling into ruins!—What is there in this event that should cause the blood to chill and curdle in its bounding course? What is there in this, that should cause the heart to palpitate with undefinable sensations of wrong and misery? Why do we start and shudder as we grasp the cold hand of the departed? Why so tenacious of this imperfect existence? Strange that those who have drank deep of the cup of sorrow—who have contended with a life of adversity—should call death the king of Terrors, when he comes as a deliverer!

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I would not be understood to mean that we can regard this event with a stoical indifference. I do not suppose that we can feel the invisible bonds that bind us to earth—the loosening of the cords of life—the breaking up of its reservoirs of sympathy, with apathy. It is not to be expected that we are so callous as to feel no regret at parting with the friends we love—but what I would guard against, is, this shuddering and fear, when the voice of our Father admonishes us that it is time to go home! What though the road be dark—it leads to mansions of peace in the paradise of God! What of all this—the spirit cannot die—the ennobling faculties and the godlike affections do not go down to the dust—they came not thence, they return not thither,—the frail habitation dissolves, crumbles and decays—but it is only the tenement—the occupant has removed to another dwelling. The fixed eye—the damp brow—the unchanging countenance—the heart whose current is congealed to ice—this is not the man—it was but his tabernacle for a season—But where is he?

A few brief days ago he lived among us, making glad the hearts of the desolate and cheering the habitation of the destitute—his body now reposes beneath the willow or the elm—the turf has been thrown upon his coffin—the dreary sound of the returning cold has been heard—and humanity is incorporated with the dust—But where is he? The festive board is covered with plenty—but one seat is vacant.—The hills are clad in cheerfulness and the garden decked with beauty—but the lilies droop and the beauty fades—he had passed away and where is he?

Mark yonder storied urn—beneath it sleeps one whose glance might have shamed the Eagle's eye, whose voice shook land and sea; his hand sowed tears and sighs, and his the arm that reaped a red harvest in the field of death. His last watch-fire is quenched, his head pillows upon a torn banner and a broken shield, his arms are in rust, his eye is sealed in darkness, his giant frame is mingling with its native earth, his spirit is—where!

See that proud vessel, borne upon the stormy wave like a thing of life; for many a toilsome day she hath ploughed the mighty deep, and now she folds her weary wings, and rests from all her toils. See the crowded wharves; look at the gathering multitude of anxious friends, who thronging around with busy feet to catch the earliest tidings of those they love. The boats are manned, the crew are once more safe on land, but one comes not; a mournful tale that seaman's history—his cheerful countenance will no more bless the aching eyes of those who have kept a tireless watch for his return. His body sleeps beneath the briny wave, the ocean is his sepulchre, but he is—where!

Why leans that man upon his staff—he is not of the aged nor is he weary, and yet he trembles!—that garb of woe reveals the cause, he is companionless. She whose smiles had lighted up his pathway, whose voice to him was sweeter than the melody of birds, has become a tenant of the house of silence. A blight has fallen upon his manhood; left like a solitary oak in the midst of a fallen forest, the lone monument of departed beauty—shadows are on his heart; affection's fondest links are shattered; she whose hand soothed the unquiet brain, has departed, but—whither?

There is wailing by that social hearth side; forms are bending down in fear and agony that but yesterday were rife with gladness; stifled sobs rend the bosom that attempts to smother them; tearful that household that stand to mark the pallid cheek and sunken eye, of a mother fondly loved. Where but a day ago was health and comfort, now is seen the deep lines of pain, disease and death.—Lone and sad is now the dwelling where joy so lately laughed. Gently had the dying one watched the pillow of their sleeping innocence, kindly had she

mingled the sympathies with the joys and sorrows of humanity; the pillow had been safely smoothed for the weary head; her voice had soothed the troubled mind; but now—the pulse grows faint and feeble—the cords of being are parting asunder—the eye, though glazed and dim, still turns with unchanging affection upon those who will soon be orphans—they still hear the soft accents of love falling from lips that must be cold. One more feeble pressure of the parched hand, one more fond look, and nature's last debt is paid; she is gone but—where! Dare you urge the question—you who believe the putting out of the lamp of life, is the last farewell to existence—that we go down at death to the bondage of the tomb, its blackness and darkness forever; dare you risk this question, who believe that the valley of death is one long continued midnight, unescapable and eternal, no better land beyond?—O how dreary is such a thought, that all our hopes and aspirations, all our visions of felicity and future glory, all our friendships, should be forever shrouded in the narrow house of silence! That the Great Spirit has called intelligence into being, lighted up the spark of existence, for a few short years but to be quenched with the black waters of death! No! That Being, that power, which protracts my existence one hour, can continue it to countless ages if he pleases! If future existence be a blessing, and its author be benevolent, will such a gift be withheld!

Agricultural.

As this is the season of the year when all who have the benefit of a few acres of land, or a small enclosure; nay, even a few lots, are desirous of seeing it somewhat productive, or at least refreshing to the eye, by its plants and evergreens, we think it would be useful and acceptable to our readers, our female readers in particular, to republish the following beautiful written and useful article, from the weekly publication called the *Cultivator*. The Cultivator is a monthly journal, published by the New York State Agricultural Society, at Albany, and is under the direction of Jesse Buel, and it is supposed that every farmer in the State patronizes this work; indeed its value and usefulness are every where admitted, and the peculiar fitness of Judge Buel for superintending a work of this kind, is practically demonstrated by the condition of his own splendid farm and garden near Albany, and the botanical plants of rare and exquisite beauty, which he has collected and brought to perfection in his hot houses. There are few men in this great State who occupies a station of so much interest as Jesse Buel. The friend of old George Clinton and Daniel D. Tompkins, his political life has been uniform and consistent; a practical printer, and for many years State Printer, he acquired great and valuable experience on every subject connected with the affairs of this important section of the Union. The ample fortune he realized from honorable labor is employed in the most useful, valuable and elegant pursuits, and he unites to the sagacity and experience of a statesman, all the simplicity, frankness and moral honesty of a good citizen. There is no man alive, who in many respects more resembles Dr. Franklin than Jesse Buel. But to the article.

N. Y. Even. Star.

THE GARDEN.

If a snug well kept kitchen garden is not an infallible proof of thrift, when seen near a farm house, it is a pretty certain indication of comfort and good sense. It shows that the owner is well to live, and intends to live well, so far as his labor and his lands can conduce to good living: For it will not be denied, that the farm and the garden *may* be made to produce, not only the substantials, but a great many of the luxuries of life—we mean those luxuries which, while they are grateful to the senses, neither pall the appetite, vitiate the taste, impair the health, nor corrupt the morals of those who partake of them. Some consider the productions of the garden as constituting no *necessary* part of human food. So the man of the forest would tell us, that *bread* is an unnecessary article of food,—the Abyssinian, that it is unnecessary to *cook* our meat,—and many of the inhabitants of Asia would insist, that it is impious to indulge in the use of animal food at all. But as none of those opinions are suited, to our age and country, there is no need of combating them. The pleasures and benefits of a garden are so manifest, that none who have once enjoyed them are willing voluntarily to do without them. To have a succession of delicious fruits, plucked at maturity from the trees and vines which one has planted and reared;—and to partake daily of fresh gathered vegetables from one's garden, the product of his labor, promotive alike of health and pleasure, are no mean gratifications; and yet they are privileges, we are to sorry to say, which, though all *can* enjoy, but few, comparatively, at present *do* participate in.

Let us enumerate some of the good things conducive alike to health and innocent gratification, which a garden may be made to produce, with very little expense. Of perennial products, which require very little care after they are once established. We will name, of fruits, the strawberry (for these will be smothered by the grass on a well conducted farm) the currant, gooseberry, plum, pear, quince, grape, and, in situations where they will thrive, the apricot and peach. But of fruits I would have none but the best sorts; for the best are as cheap as the worst, are as easily cultivated, and are infinitely more healthy and grateful. These, if well selected, will give a succession of fruit from June to November, and in a preserved state during the year. Plants to begin with, will cost from three to five dollars. They may be multiplied by grafting, budding, &c., by the boys or men of the family, without any expense. The trees should be so arranged as to shade as little as possible the grounds that are to be tilled. Half a dozen roots of the Pie-plant (rhubarb) will furnish abundant materials for pies and tarts, little if any inferior to the gooseberry, from April to July, or until the fruit is sufficiently advanced to supply its place. These should be planted two feet apart in good soil. A bed of forty by three and a half feet will supply the table with delicious asparagus, during a part of April, and the whole of May and June, if kept in good order. For this the ground should be dug deep and made rich.—The seed, which cost a shilling, should be sown in drills 10 or 12 inches apart, about the first of May; the bed should be kept free from weeds and the ground forked in the spring.—The third year it will be fit to cut. Or, roots may be bought at fifty cents the hundred, which will give a crop the second year. Plant them six inches apart in the drills. About two hundred and fifty plants will fill a bed of the given dimensions. Among the perennials I may also class some medicinal plants and sweet herbs which are useful and necessary in the economy of a family, such as sage, thyme, hyssop, balm, rue, tanzy, worm-wood, &c. which it requires ten times the labor to beg from more provident neighbors than it does to raise in our garden. The annual products, which go towards subsisting a family, and which are seldom produced but in the garden, are numerous, as the onion, beet, carrot, parsnip, cabbage, peas, beans, pot herbs, sallads, radishes, squash cucumber, melon, &c. Some of these are in use most of the season, and most of them afford valuable winter stores.

These productions of the garden which I have named, and the list might be greatly extended, are all useful in economy of a family; they afford a grateful variety, and tend to lessen, in no inconsiderable degree, the quantity of more solid and expensive food which would be required without them;—and yet they may all be produced, in sufficient quantities for an ordinary family, upon a quarter of an acre of ground, and without seriously abstracting from the ordinary labor of the farm. A garden is truly a matter of economy in a pecuniary point of view; but when we add to this consideration, the comfort and pleasure which it affords, we are persuaded we are in the line of duty, in commending the subject to the particular consideration of our readers.

It is not our purpose at present to prescribe rules for laying out or managing a garden; yet we cannot forbear to suggest, that the first step should be, to enclose it with a good substantial fence, and to keep that at all times in repair, so as effectually to exclude hoof and hog. We have said nothing of the sale of surplus products of a garden, although hardly any location is without a market for such products; nor have we noticed the ornamented department; because the wife or daughters will see to this—they *will* have their shrubbery and their flowery border.

Major Andre.

The following letter from a distinguished officer of the Revolution, on the subject of the execution of this officer, will be read with interest.—*Ed. Cour. & Enq.*

Col. Webb:—Observing in the Courier and Enquirer of Saturday, a letter from my old and worthy comrade, Dr. Thatcher, relative to Major Andre, it may be thought impertinent to add a few words respecting the trial and execution of that unfortunate person, of whom so much has been unnecessarily written. The conduct and motive of General Washington, not only in regard to him, but in relation to the confinement of Captain Asgall, have been brought into question by the partizans of the individuals themselves, or of their nation, and condemned. The murder of Huddy in cold blood by Lippincott, belonging to one of the refuge corps, made it necessary to retaliate, and thereby promptly stop such disgraceful murderous crimes. Whatever may have been Major Andre's worth, he was guilty by the laws of honorable warfare; he was found within his enemy's lines, a spy and died the death of a spy. No respectable man of the British army will say aught against the justice of his doom, though all may lament that there was occasion for it. I recollect the time well. A part of our army was stationed at Tappan. It was midnight, dark and murky, when the aides-de-camp were called to the tent of their general. There they beheld the troops under arms, no drums beat, no loud words of command were given; all was gloomy and silent as the grave; no one knew the cause of the alarm, or conjectured what might be the desperate service on which they were to march. The horrid tale was told by the general to his aids; Arnold had sold the fortress and garrison of West Point to the enemy, and had deserted! The adjutant general of the British army has been taken as a spy! What questions could be asked; what answers given to an announcement so astonishing in its nature! A council of general officers soon after assembled. Their suites waited in an adjoining room in expectation of the result with feelings in which no lenity was mixed. On the retirement of the court, it was observed to that excellent gentleman and soldier, Major General Baron Steuben, that no witnesses had been seen to enter the council chamber. 'No,' said that kind hearted man, 'there was no need; the unfortunate man fully confessed every thing." 'What sentence has been, or will be awarded, sir?" 'No European army, said he, ever awarded any other sentence to a spy, than death by hanging.' I saw but few officers, except those ordered for the duty, attend the execution; it was not a spectacle to be enjoyed. The last words of the unhappy man—take notice that I die like a brave man, had better been omitted; a soldier only fears disgrace. The changes have been rung on this catastrophe for many years—let his ashes rest in peace.

But how comes it, Mr. Webb, that no American from patriotic or other motives, has ever written, or beyond the circle of his immediate friends, has spoken of the untimely fate of the brave, well educated and accomplished Captain Hale, who was hanged by General Howe, not as a rebel, but as a spy? How comes it that no one has ever volunteered the removal of his remains? Excepting Huddy, none that I have heard of, were hanged as rebels. The prisoners taken in '76 at Long Island, were indeed threatened; and some of them with ropes curled round their necks, were seated on coffins which had been prepared for them. Of this number was Otho Williams who for courage, accomplishments, appearance, and every thing which might become a man, was inferior to none in any army. Several young officers were captured on the retreat from Long Island, and brought before General Howe. 'Do you know, young men,' said the general, 'that your rebellion against your King empowers me to hang you every one?" Lieutenant Dunscomb a worthy son of a respectable father, of this city, answered—'Hang and be damned! I fought for my country, and am ready to die for her.' Yours, A. B.

FROM THE N. Y. EVENING STAR.

Monomania.

A recent decision in a case of a commission of lunacy in this city, proves how delicate and difficult is the task, and how dangerous the responsibility invested in these tribunals. The gentleman had evinced for some time, in the opinion of his sagacious and sympathizing friends, a degree of waywardness of enthusiasm on religious subjects, which was very benevolently interpreted into a species of monomania. Had it been mere fanaticism or overwrought zeal in some particular faith, no matter how absurd and extravagant the ebullitions and effervescence of expressions it might have engendered, it would have perhaps passed unnoticed. For we have, throughout our country, so many examples of sectarianism, interesting, from time to time, portions of our population, that we have become quite inured to their excesses, even when they overstep the limits of propriety. That was the case in the present instance; but it would have been overlooked, probably; but for some trifling pecuniary expenditures of a few hundred dollars, which the gentleman incurred in the way of decorations or articles, emblematical of his faith, to gratify his predilections, and which were deemed significant evidences of his alienation of mind. On every other subject he was perfectly sane and lucid, and we doubt, in fact, if the history of any individual in the community would not, on a strict scrutiny, exhibit greater aberration and folly, on some favorite hobby or speculation, political, mercantile, or otherwise, than did the conduct of this gentleman. The commission, however, thought proper to pronounce him a case of monomania. Hapily for him, the jury, weighing the evidence, which was ample, according to the simple rules of common sense, reversed the decision, and thus saved the individual from the stigma of insanity, and restored him to his rights as a citizen and member of society. We again repeat, that these commissions of lunacy are a dangerous species of adjudication, which ought to be restricted from exercising their authority but under the most severe regulations and imperious necessity, otherwise nine-tenths of our citizens might, from the trivial cause for which they are often instituted, be irrevocably doomed to become tenants of mad houses.

Cockney Pathos.

At marlborough street, on Monday, a pale faced lad, with his hair nicely parted and twisted at each side into the genuine Bermonsdey curl, was put to the bar under the most inappropriate patronymic of Shanks, charged with having made an attack with a carving knife, on his own life and the life of a young female, whose profession appeared to be indicated by a yellow chintz gown and green adelaide boots. The prosecutrix said that the prisoner, with whom she was formerly acquainted, invited her to take a glass of gin and cloves at a gin shop. He then asked for a knife to cut some bread and cheese which he said he had hanging about him; and then he flourished the unsightly weapon about, and declared, with a theatrical air, that unless Emma Robbins would renew their former acquaintance, he would put an end to her cruelty, and his torments. He brought the knife so near her person, that she seized it and wrested it from him, but not until she had received a gash on her finger. Shanks said that the whole business had arisen out of Miss Emma's jealousy of Miss Jemima Green, whom he had lately treated to a glass of brandy and bitters. "On Friday night," continued Shanks, wiping his eyes, "I met this here young voman, she accosted me of my invitation of Miss Green, and so, determined to put an end to the ansioty of my mind, I vent with her into a wery respectable public house and ax'd for a knife to cut some bread and cheese as I gammoned I'd got in my pocket. Ven the knife as bro't I collared it, and after unbottoning my coat and vesket, I took a solid oath as I'd plunge it to my naked busum if she vould'nt promise to say no more concerning that there Miss Green. As for vishing to hurt her vith with the knife, she knows I never had no such an idear, for I vas always too fond of her. Discharged.

English Paper.

FROM THE N. Y. COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

An Unlucky Experiment.

A young man of genteel dress and address went into the fancy hardware store of Messrs. Fellows, Storm and Cargill, Maiden Lane, the day before yesterday, and enquired for watches. The clerk in attendance placed before him several of different kinds, which he proceeded to cheapen, displaying a critical knowledge in descanting upon their workmanship. While thus employed, another clerk who had entered the store unperceived, saw him slip one of the watches into his pocket; and coming forward, charged him with the theft, and made him produce the article. It was a gold patent lever worth about eighty dollars. On being taken to the police office and searched several tea and table spoons were found in his pockets—the former marked L. I. and the latter A.—together with two or three dozen silver pencil cases. At first, he gave only his first and middle name, but afterwards confessed his surname, when it was discovered by the papers round in his pocket book. He is only 22 years of age, a silversmith by occupation, and of respectable connexions. He was married a few weeks ago, and had made arrangements to commence keeping house yesterday.—It is believed that his conduct hitherto justified the fair character which he had maintained. When awakened by the questions of the magistrate to the reality of his situation, he appeared overwhelmed with a sense of the disgrace which he had brought upon himself and family,—and could only account for his folly by stating that he had been on a "spree" for several days, and was hardly conscious what he was doing. He was committed for trial at the next sessions.

Interesting Reminiscence.

The following description of the famous celebration in Boston in 1793, of the beginning of the French Revolution, is copied from the interesting work alluded to in our paper of the 2d inst, as on the eve of publication by Russell, Odiorne and Metcalf.

About this time the French had made such progress in their revolution as to have established their National Assembly, and the "great nation" had already become the terror of Europe. The tree of liberty was to be planted throughout the earth. The progress of French principles was grateful to the opposition in the United States; nor to them only. Many of the federal party were rejoiced to see the coming freedom of a people who had so essentially aided (from whatever motives) in securing that of their own country. In the course of the year 1792 the French Revolution had been so far accomplished as to demand, it was thought, a public expression of joy by the Americans.

"A civic feast" was undertaken in Boston; such a one as no rational being would desire to see repeated. A whole ox, skinned and dressed, leaving the head and horns entire, and the eyes protruding from their sockets, was turned on a great wooden spit, before a furnace. When the animal was sufficiently roasted, he was placed on a sledge or carriage, and there properly supported or propped up, was drawn through the principal streets of the town, and was followed by two cartloads of bread and two hogsheads of punch. An immense concourse of people attended; there was but one mind and heart, and there was no reference to political divisions. The procession terminated in State street, where a table was laid from the eastern end of the City Hall to near Kilby street; and on this table it was intended that the friends of liberty should feast from the roasted ox. The scene soon changed: the cutting up and distribution of the animal became ridiculous; and soon riotous. The roasted fragments were thrown into the air, and hurled at female spectators who thronged the balconies, and crowded the windows. The end of this matter was, that a pole of fifty or sixty feet in length was raised in what was thence, Liberty Square, and surmounted with the horns of the ox, where they remained several years. It so happened that the civic feast occurred here on the same day that the head of Louis the 16th was severed from his body by the guillotine. This unexpected event seemed to open the eyes of many Americans to the true character of the French Revolution. It struck some of them with astonishment and horror; while it was to others a matter of heartfelt pleasure. The latter, however did not approve because they were gratified in the destruction of the man, for the common feeling was, that America was greatly indebted to Louis: but because a *king* had fallen; and a triumphant advance had been made in the cause of liberty. It is probable that the leaders of the opposition in the United States, not only saw this event in this light, but saw in it, also, new encouragement that Federal power might be demolished.

Ventriloquism.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us, I never witnessed, and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one; but the effect there was not to be compared to that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord's stepdaughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but, I am sure, that the family never spent an afternoon of such an astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declared that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buzz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and nearly felled myself.—Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted, in a rough obstreperous manner, on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man go round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in, I never beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sa wide as that jug." However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is wining down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil." Alexandre went to the chimney, and in his own natural voice, ordered the fellow to go about his business, for in our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in, he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely and paid liberally that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get rid of a party in all their lives.—[The Ettrick Shepherd.

Great Æronautic Expedition.

Mr. Mills, a young mechanic, of Baltimore, self taught, and dependent upon his own exertions, has recently made one of the most successful æronautic expeditions ever performed.—He ascended from Fairmount, in or near Baltimore, at ten minutes before four in the the afternoon, and landed at Mr. Goodwin's farm, at ten minutes before seven; having in three hours, travelled about fifty miles; and, in that time, crossed the Chesapeake Bay twice—the greater part of this ærial voyage was at an elevation of two and a quarter miles. In recrossing the bay, he travelled *fourteen* miles in *seventeen* minutes.

DEBT.

"A Captain of a trading ship, being not long since in Constantinople, lodged in the house of a sea-faring Turk. One day he observed to the Mussulman that in all his walks through the immense city of Constantinople and its suburbs, he had not seen any thing like a jail for imprisonment of debtors. 'Christian like a dog,' said the disciple of Mahomet, 'do you suppose that we are so debased as to copy the Nazarine policy? We take care to strip a debtor of all his property, so far as it will go to pay his just debts; but there we leave him; we instantly turn him loose to begin the world again. The believers in our prophet are above shutting up their fellow men in cages, in order to persecute, starve and torment them. We make a distinction between a man and a rat. I have been in several of the Nazarine (Christian) cities, and never looked at a debtor's prison without horror,—as a place where man is degraded to the condition of a rat."

Fecundity.

An insolvent applied to the Commissioners at Bristol for his discharge; among the assets he laid before the board were thirty children, all by one wife, who had three times presented him with twins. His creditors mostly were medical practitioners. He was discharged.

Quaintness.

In the seventeenth century, it was customary for authors, particularly of works appertaining to Divinity, to make a display of originality and quaintness on the title page. In this sometimes consisted the principal merit of the work. Henry King, who was the author of an excellent version of the Psalms, published also in 1649, "*A deep Groan, fetched at the Funeral of the incomparable and glorious Monarch, King Charles I.*" This "Groan" was very much admired at the time. It was particularly *solemn*, and adapted to the occasion.

Columbus and Edwin Forest.

The match between these celebrated trotters for $500 aside, mile heats, came off on Wednesday at 4 o'clock, immediately after the running on the Union Course. At starting Columbus (who was the favorite) took the lead in gallant style and kept it for the first three quarters, during which the Forrest kept nearing him with the same fatal certainty that "Burnham Wood came to Dunsinane." A severe struggle then ensued, which finished by Columbus losing the heat by about 2 lengths. Time, 2m. 42 sec. Taking the state of the track into consideration, this is very great time, and in truth it was evident that both horses did their best.

The second heat resulted like the first; in favor of *Edwin Forrest*, in 2m. 43sec; but it should be remembered that Columbus's forte, is as a 3 mile horse.—Edwin Forrest has thus proved himself a most extraordinary "critter," he trots with great gaiety: carries his head high up; and is as straight and as steady in his action as the engine of a steam boat; but a pretty deal faster than even Burden's is expected to be.

Edwin Forrest beat Sally Miller yesterday, doing the 2nd heat in 2. 31.———Prodigious!

FROM THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

VERY LATE FROM BOGOTA.

We are indebted to Captain Park, of the brig Ann, 14 days from Santa Martha, for a Bogota paper of April 6th. It contains no news of importance.

Government had passed a law requiring the publisher of every pamphlet, periodical, &c. to deposit a copy of the same in the national library at Bogota.

A letter from Pasto of March 12th, says, "From the day of the earthquake (20th January) to this date, continual rumblings have been heard, and on the 1st of March so strong a motion was felt, that it shook down some of the few houses that remained standing." The $2000 sent on by Gen. Santander for the relief of the sufferers had been received, and was very gratefully acknowledged.

Bogota, April 6th.—By the papers from Guayaquil, we learn with profound sorrow that after the horrible contest between the troops of the government of Equador and those of its opposers had ceased. It is asserted that the last mentioned party has become weakened, while, on the other hand, the army of the government is suffering great privations, and the people are obliged to make unheard of sacrifices in order to maintain it.

FROM THE AURARIA (GEO.) RECORDER, April 26.

REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITES EXTRA.

Thomas C. Bowen, a native of Ireland, who, from his own account of himself, resided in the Spanish and Mexican dominions for several years, immediately preceding his settlement in this country, made it convenient to retrace his steps back to the old world, or to some other unknown country, with fourteen thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five dwts. of gold, belonging to the Bank of Darien, entrusted to his care by the agent of that Bank, in this place, and to be delivered to the agent of the Bank of Savannah.

"We understand that several other individuals are likely to become losers by this elopement, to what amount we have not been able to ascertain. Letters have been received from him, post marked at Charleston, South Carolina, in which it is said he stated that he could not withstand the temptation, that pursuit would be useless, and that his creditors might make the best of the goods he had left behind."

Snake Story.

The following account we had from Mr. Ephraim Brown, of this town, a man of strict veracity, on whose world the fullest reliance may be placed: Mr. Brown having been out foot, began to cross the extensive "Rocks-pasture," from the turnpike, on his way home, when he found a black snake, about four feet long, which he killed and dragged across said pasture to his house, about one mile. On arriving home, and exhibiting the snake which he had just killed, to some neighbors who were present, he remarked to them, that he presumed the mate to the dead snake would soon be after it. To see if this would be the case, he fastened the snake to a stone, and left it near the road, not far from his house. On Sunday, (the next morning) about 10 o'clock, as some of Mr. Ashton's family were walking in the garden, they discovered a large black snake where the dead snake had been drawn, as near to where it was lying as the live one could get without crossing the road, where people were constantly passing. They killed it, and on comparing it with the one first killed, the two were so alike in size and appearance, as to leave no doubt of their being mates, it being difficult to distinguish one from the other. Mr. B. was led to the foregoing experiment by the following remarkable occurrence. Mr. Brown states, that he killed a black snake, about a year ago, dragged him home in a similar manner, and threw him under the wall near where he worked. The next day, Mr. B., with several other men, saw the dead snake coiled up, with a living one of similar size and appearance, which one of the company shot.

Lynn Record.

Specimen of Conjugal Affection.—"As I am particularly fond of proofs of conjugal attachment between animals, (in the human species they are so universal that I set no store by them) an instance of that kind which the captain related to me this morning gave me great pleasure. While lying in Black River harbor, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship; at length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive:

"Che faro senz Eurydice!"

What he did *without* her remains a secret, but what he did *with* her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and be-

gan to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel which went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself—"she was perfectly through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!" and then,

Unable to conceal his pain,
He sigh'd and swallow'd and sigh'd and swallow'd,
And sigh'd and swallow'd again,

I doubt whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitual affection. Certainly Clarendon's "Amor des pues de la Muerte" has nothing that is worthy to be compared to it; nor do I recollect in history any fact at all resembling it, except perhaps a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, King of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his voracity and uxoriousness; and who, being one night completely overpowered by sleep, and at the snme time violently tormented by hunger, ate up his queen without being conscious of it, and was mightily astonished the next morning to wake with her hand in his mouth, the only bit that was left of her. But then, Cambletes was quite unconscious what he was doing; whereas the shark's mark of attachment was evidently intentional.

Monk Lewis's Jour.

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, May 15, 1834.

A DUN.

To such of our subscribers as have not paid for the last year, we must say that their payments have now become due. We have requested them repeatedly to give us the small amount of their subcsription. Our own debts must be paid. Our Paper, Ink, Journeymen, &c. all claim *money*, and money must be had. From our subscribers it must come. The amount is small to them individually, but to us it is much in the aggregate. o those who have paid we return thanks, and to those who have not paid, we request that they will call immediately and liquidate our claims.

May.

We must recall our praises of the "merrie month." The jade has proved herself a most arrant coquette. Instead of the smiles, and sun-shine and balm which we last week so liberally lauded, we have been visited with the blasts of December. Blazing fires and substantial woollens have been called into active requisition. Our fingers, while we write, are stiffened with cold. And all this after lavishing the most unqualified praises on this month of months! Some of our sour brother bachelors tell us that these fitful changes are apt emblems of the softer sex. At one moment, say they, you will find them all warmth and affection and cordiality, and the next, distant, and chilling, and repulsive. Now we believe this is a deliberate *misrepresentation*, to call it by no harsher epithet. What! the soft, the gentle, the affectionate changing, through the sudden impressions of caprice or passion, from the tenderness and loveliness of their nature to the rude impulses of the unreasonable and senseless brute! "Tell it not in Gath!" We believe no such slander. Our notions of woman's character are of a loftier standard. Her enduring faith, her untiring devotion, and her uncalculating love have no firmer and truer worshippers than our humble selves. They have been the theme of man's admiration and gratitude through all time. Poets have sung and minstrels have rehearsed their praises from generation to generation. But whither is our pen hurrying us? We sat down only to say that since Sunday last we have had very cold weather, and that on the night of the 18th inst. there was a pretty heavy frost, and ice this morning.

The Temperance Society of this place held a meeting in the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening last. A large number of citizens and strangers were present. The meeting was addressed by George Washington Barton, Esq. of Lancaster, in his happiest style. The address was replete with the inspiration of true eloquence, and in all its points, was one which must gain for the gifted speaker no inconsiderable addition to the enviable reputation which he already enjoys.

We were present, on Monday last, at a meeting held in Donegal Church in reference to the subject of Temperance. A very forceful and convincing address was made by the Rev. Dr. Martin of York county, and several excellent and pertinent remarks were offered by Dr. Houston of Columbia. A pledge was submitted by the Rev. Mr. Douglass for the signatures of those persons who were disposed to form themselves into a society. Colonel James Patterson, one of our late Representatives in the state Legislature having expressed his entire approbation of the Temperance Reform, his belief that the manufacture of ardent spirit from grain was a source of pecuniary loss to the farmer, and that the support of pauperism produced by intemperance was the means of entailing a heavy tax on the industrious and sober part of the community, affixed his name to the pledge. Twenty individuals signed the pledge, appointed a committee to draught a constitution, and intend shortly to form themselves into a regularly organized society.

A number of the most respectable and wealthy German and English farmers have resolved to adopt the Temperance principles on their plantations. The cause is gaining ground amongst us, and will ere long, we think be very generally acted upon.

Professor Robert Adrain has resigned the mathematical chair in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Lancaster Journal has passed from the controul of Mr. John Reynolds to that of Mr. Hugh Maxwell who formerly conducted a newspaper in Lancaster.

"*A code of resolutions for declining life*" has recently been thrown under our observation. They contain maxims which would be of advantage to every man or woman in whatever stage of life he or she may be. We will give our readers an opportunity of perusing a few of them.

To try to live within one's income, be it large or small.

To preserve one's temper on all occasions; and hence never to give up the reins to constitutional impatience.

If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing on every trying occasion, yet to endeavour by every means to pull the check string against the moroseness of spleen or the impetuosity ot peevishness. Anger is a short madness.

To contrive to have as few unemployed hours as possible; that idleness the mother of crimes and vices, may not pay her visits.

To resolve never to go to bed on a full meal. Exercise, a light supper, and a good conscience, are the best promoters of a good night's rest, and the parents of undisturbing dreams.

Not to be enervated by indulgence in tea drinking.

Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of the good and proverbial doctors Merryman, Diet, and Quiet. Resolve to remember, and to recommend, towards tranquillity and longevity, the three oral maxims of Sir Hans Sloane; "never to quarrel with one's self, one's wife, nor one's friend."

Not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements as modified by the sun, the wind, the rain, and the night air.

Not to nod in company, nor to indulge in repose too frequently on the couch by day.

To rise early; and as often as possible to go to bed long before midnight.

Rather to wear out, than to rust out.

The Senate has refused to receive and record on its Journal the Protest of the President.

The Susquehannah is in excellent order for the descending navigation. A large number of rafts and arks have arrived at this place.—For the last few days the high winds have prevented the usual amount of running.

A paragraph in the papers says that a woman who uniformly makes *good coffee*, and does not scold *even on washing days*, possesses two very important requisites in being a good wife.

A beautiful Car destined for the Columbia and Philadelphia Rail Road passed through this place, by the Canal, yesterday morning. It appeared to be of superior quality of workmanship, and reflected much credit on the builder, Mr. Miltimore of Harrisburg. It contains two apartments, each capable of accommodating eight or ten persons with comfort. We wish the enterprising proprietors success in their efforts to accommodate the travelling public in a handsome and convenient style.

We have noted, heretofore, the amendment proposed to be moved by Mr. Duncan to the Deposite bill when it comes up.—The following are the main features of an amendment which Mr. Ewing, of Indiana, proposes to move to the same bill, when it shall be taken up for consideration:

That the President of the United States at the request of any five States, by legislative enactment, shall appoint, with the advice and consent of the Senate, five persons to act as commissioners, to be appointed by the States, to constitute a Board of Currency, to sit at the seat of the General Government and to serve for five years; the seat of the first named of the said persons to be vacated at the expiration of the first year; of the second at the expiration of the second year; of the third at the expiration of the third year; of the fourth at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the fifth at the expiration of the fifth year; so that one of the said commissioners shall be appointed every year; said persons to be severally subject to suspension by the board, and to removal by the President, for misconduct or neglect of duty upon the concurrent vote of both Houses of Congress. Each of the States to be entitled to appoint a commissioner to the Board of Currency, and one in addition for ever ten of its electoral votes over three, deducting the number which may have been appointed from such State by the President of the United States, to serve for five years as before.—The commissioners to elect their President for one year, and annually thereafter; to appoint, pay and remove their secretary, and other necessary officers or servants, take good security for their conduct, &c.

The commissioners to devise and prepare a national currency, to be printed on both sides, in convenient denominations for interchanges or remittance, not being less than ten dollars, nor exceeding in the whole, thirty five millions of dollars, and to register and distribute the same, under due provisions, to the several States, in the ratio of one hundred thousand dollars for each and every vote, to which the States applying may be entitled in the election of President and Vice President of the U. States, to be disposed by the said States under such regulations as they may enact. The currency to be redeemed, upon demand, at such places respectively, as may be expressed on the face thereof; and to be transferable by delivery and endorsement of the Treasurer, or principal Treasury officer of the State to which the same shall be appointed, and made receivable from any person who may be entitled to pay the same; and every where received in all payments to the United States. Each of the States to be entitled to receive a portion of the currency, not exceeding a certain limitation, upon the requisition of its Executive, and the payment of one per centum on the amount required, and to provide a capital not less than a fourth of the said portiou of currency in the legal coin of the United States, as a basis of its operations. The Branches located in the States respectively to have the custody and provide for the transmission and disbursement of the public money, and for exchanges between the States, under such regulations as Congress may prescribe; the States to be severally and irrevocably responsible to the United States for their proportions of the currency, which shall be made payable, by their laws, in the proper revenues of, and in all payments to them, and convertible on demand, into the legal coin of the U. States; and in case payment in coin shall be refused at any of the Branches, the bearer may recover the amount demanded, with interest, at the rate of ten per centum per annum, from the date of his demand, until paid and satisfied.

Compiler.

The Races.

The first day's Spring Races over the Union Course, Long Island took place on Monday last, and were numerously attended. The New York Gazette says: "The match race between Terror and St. Ledger, four mile heats for $3,000 a side, was started at one P. M. Terror much the favorite, and won the first heat; time 8:8—lost second heat, time 8:44—third heat, at the end of the third mile, both boys mistook, and pulled up, St. Ledger ahead—in order to go on again St. Ledger got the start some little, and after running some distance. Terror finding he stood no chance, hauled up, and was of course a distanced horse; time 9:4. Immediately after came on the Sweepstakes, $200 entrance, $50 forfeit—twelve subscribers entered, seven horses started, four paid forfeit, one missing Entries: James Bathgates s. c.: Thomas Jones' s. f.; William Gibbons' Merrygold; John M. Bott's Rosalie Somers; Joseph Alston's b. f. by Moscow; John C. Stevens' Floranthe by Eclipse, and one not recollected. At starting 1st heat, Floranthe was the favorite against the field ten to seven, and won the first heat half a length; Rosalie Somers second best, and Thomas Jones s. f. and the colt not recollected, distanced, time 1. 52; second heat won by Rosalie Somers, half a length, time 1:52, and third heat also won by Rosalie Somers, time 1:54, under a hard pull, Floranthe being third.

A Slight Cold.

Consider a "slight cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were, to mark you for HIS, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, by those who are "a wearied of the painful round of life," and are on the look out for their dismissal from it; but he learned off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of gospel, by all those who "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness; who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward as long neck, narrow, chicken chests—very fair complexions—requisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character. IF they choose to—NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD.

Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now if we call a 'slight cold' the egg, and pleurisy—inflammation of the lungs—asthma, CONSUMPTION, the venomous reptile—the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which the 'egg' may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration, sitting or standing in a *draft*, however slight: it is the breath of death, reader, and laden with the vapours of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet feet—these and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature, that at last shall creep inextricably inwards, and he coiled about your very vitals. Once more, again—again—again—again—I would say, attend to this, all ye who think it a small matter to—NEGLECT OF A SLIGHT COLD!

Singular.

On Sunday morning, a very singular phenomenon was observable from the river bank in front of our city. Those who are blessed with a very strong sight perceived, as they supposed, an immense number of small birds in the air, but at such a height as to render even birds, in that situation, a curiosity. We happened to be passing, and in vain strained our eyes to discover the objects which others were contemplating with so much eagerness—by the help of a glass, however, we at last perceived, what was to all appearance, an immense flock of small birds. These objects passed away in millions before the current of the light wind then blowing, but many descended lower than the rest, until easily discerned by the naked eye. At length they approached the earth, and proved to be maple leaves of an unusually large size. Many of them were picked up by the citizens, and we have kept one, picked up and politely handed to us by Mr. Frances Wyatt. Whence they came, or how they got there, are questions which furnish a wide field for conjecture. One *shrewd* fellow observed, "that this must be the fall of the year in the moon, and that they certainly came from thence."

Montreal Herald.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.

Extract of a letter dated Carthagena, March 21st, 1834.

My last acquainted you with the state of wretchedness to which we are reduced by the new tariff, which imposes exorbitant duties on the veriest necessaries of life. Our situation daily becomes more deplorable; and our ports are scarcely visited by foreigners. Providence itself seems to have leagued against us to amerce us for the flagitious deeds of the infamous President, Santander.—The province of Pasto has recently been visited by an earthquake; almost every plantation has been devastated; while a great number of the inhabitants have been buried under the ruins. Papaya and Equador, however, have suffered but slightly from the visitation.

Proscriptions and military executions continue to be the order of the day in New-Grenada; in Bogota, even females are proscribed; Manuela Sacrez was torn from a bed of sickness and expelled from the territory of a republic. Pineres and Anjumedo have been driven away from this place, with the pretence of their proposition to the existing system; yet dare they speak of freedom!—Lepez de Burruecos is here at present, as governor of the province; this appointment has struck terror in the souls of the peaceful inhabitants; it is well known that he and Obandre are the murderers of the illustrious Gen. Sucre.

The disagreement between us and the French government is still undecided. The *worthy* Santander who dreads the result, has lately sent Col. Gomez on a mission to France to deprecate the worth of the citizen-king; but it is supposed that he will not be admitted by the cabinet of the Tuilleries.

Venezuela is now quiet, and business goes on fairly.—This republic has lately sent two generals of acknowledged talents and worth to settle the question of its independence with Spain. Spanish vessels are admitted in the Venezuelan ports, and foreigners meet with most friendly reception. Paez, it is said, will withdraw from the presidency at the end of the year, and Soublette is spoken of as his successor.

You must have heard of the marriage of Santander to Numez's *chaste* daughter—who has left with her father for Bogota. Numez has gone to join his son-in-law and associate, who is aiming at an aggrandizement of his fortune which is already an immense one.

Eight dollars a barrel is the duty imposed on flour.—Coarse linens, known under the name of *biencillos*, pay double the duties which they did formerly, Boots, shoes, ready-made clothing of every description; furniture, hats, &c., are virtually prohibited by excessive duties. In fact, your unfortunate country, though deserving a better fate, is fast tottering to ruin, thro' the nefarious administration of Francisco de Paula Santander, justly surnamed the Nero of America.

SHOULDER ARMS!—Not long since, as a captain of an Infantry Company, was about enrolling his men, previous to the annual inspection in May, he happened to meet with a man who had been so unfortunate as to lose the use of one of his legs, and was obliged to walk, if he walked at all, by the aid of crutches, but who, in other respects, might be considered an "able bodied man,"—weighing at the time, probably, not much less than 200 lbs. The captain, nothing daunted by the array of crutches and canes, was about immortalizing his name by entering it on the roll of his company. The man declined the honor, declaring his inability to perform military duty. "The *law*," said the captain, raising his head and adjusting his dicky, "makes it my duty to enroll all able *bodied* men, and it is their duty to attend. They have a right to come with *legs* or without, just as they please; but if they come without *arms*, they shall be fined according to law." [Exeter News Letter.

A KNAVE.

There are but few words which have been perverted so completely from its original signification as this. It is a *Saxon* word, and had at first, a sense *simplicity* and innocence, for it signified a *boy*. The *Saxon* word "*Cnafa*," distinguished a boy from a girl in several ancient writers—"a knave child between them two they had." *Gowers Poems.* And *Wickliffe* in his old translation, *Exodus* i. v. 16, says, "if it be a *knave* child," alluding to Pharaoh and the Hebrew children. Afterwards the word was taken for a *servant* boy. At length it was applied for any servant *man*: also to a member or officer who bore the weapon or shield of his superior, whom the Latins called "*Armiger*," and the French "*Escuyer*," whence the word *Esquire*, we find at games with cards that the one immediately inferior to the queen, is called "a *knave*," a word, probably, at the time cards were first introduced into England, signifying an officer or servant who bore the shield of, or waited upon his superior. It was sometimes, of old, made use of as a titular addition, as "John C. the son of William C. of Derby, *Knave*." In the vision of Piers Plowman are these words: "Cokes and their *knaves* cryden hote pyes," "Cooks and their boys cried hot pies;" and in the old translation of the Testament, St. Paul is called "a *knave* of Jesus Christ."

"Do you know," sdid a young critic in the pit the other night at Fanny Kemble's benefit, "who wrote Henry VIII.?" "Fanny Kemble, to be sure," replied his companion. "And how many acts are there in Catherine and Petruchio!" "Five," answered the same bibliopole, authoratatively. This must have been a sprig of Malone, or Warburton, or of some other learned commentator on Shakspeare.

N. Y. Star.

DIED

On Friday, the 25th of April, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. CATHARINE CAMERON, consort of Mr. William Cameron of Jefferson county, Virginia, and formerly of Maytown, Lancaster county, in the 31st year of her age. In the various relations of life, this amiable woman exhibited a pattern worthy of imitation. Though possessed of more than ordinary intellectual endowments, her chief attention was directed to the cultivation of the domestic virtues. At the fire side and in the parlour, her modest and unobtrusive excellencies shone with mild but steady lustre. The duties of a wife and mother were discharged with credit to herself and to the satisfaction and advantage of those to whom she sustained these tender and interesting relations. Her memory is embalmed in the affectionate recollections of a large circle of relatives and friends, and her name will be kindly remembered when the hand that traced this brief and imperfect record of her worth shall have mouldered into dust. S. T——.

Virginia Free Press.

In this borough on Tuesday the 13th day of May, Mrs. *Elizabeth Nicholas*, consort of Henry Nicholas, Esq.

MARRIED.

On Sunday the 11th of May, by Jacob Graybill, Esq. Mr. JACOB LUTZ, of West Hempfield, to Miss BARBARA MUMMA of Raphoe.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,37½	5,50	5,25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,25	3,25
Corn	45	56	56
WHEAT	90	1.00	1,00
RYE	55	66	66
OATS	25	31	30
CLOVERSEED	2,75	3,25	3.50
WHISKEY	18	20	20
PLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	15	"	"
EGGS	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00 to 11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50 to 7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do	from $12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 30 inch from $5,00 to	9,00
do. 2 ft. from $3,00 to	5,00
Scantling white Pine from $10,00	to 12,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to	9,00
Cherry boards from $15,00 to	25,00
Chair Plank, good,	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100	from $31 to 04,00
Do do rough " "	from $12 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7, to 10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7 to 8,00

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

Public Sale.

Will be sold by Public Vendue, on Saturday the 17th day of May, 1834, at the Public House of Benjamin Libhart, in the borough of Marietta. The following property viz:

A Two Story Brick House, and LOT OF GROUND,

with Frame back buildings, No. 63, situate on High Street and the corner of an alley, and adjoining property of William Child, Sr. in the borough of Marietta, the improvements are a never failing WELL OF WATER, near the Kitchen door, also a number of choice Fruit Trees, &c. formerly occupied as a Store, by Mr. Russel and now in the occupancy of Mrs. Maxwell.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOHN W. JONES,
ABRAHAM BRENEMAN.

Marietta, April 24, 1834.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Notice

Is hereby given that the Town Council passed a resolution on the 5th of April, requiring the Ordinance of the 27th March, 1830, to establish a

MARKET
in the Borough of Marietta,

to be enforced. Therefore a Market will be held on Wednesday and Saturday of each week between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock, A. M. commencing on Wednesday the 23d of April. The ordinance prohibits the sale or purchase of butter or any other article of marketing elsewhere than at the Market house, during said market hours, under a penalty or fine of from one to five dollars.

SAMUEL D. MILLER,
Chief Burgess.

A. N. CASSEL, Town Clerk.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

POETRY.

FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

"I always dread the approach of Spring, for its return has never failed to bring sorrow to me, or to some one who was dear to me."

Tho' bowers and sunny skies are thine,
I dread thy coming, gentle spring;
In vain thy varied beauties Shine,
To me no joy thy visits bring;
And yet, oh Spring, thy meanest flower,
Thy faintest beam, are passing dear.
Woe to the heart when ev'n thy power
May fair its settled gloom to cheer.

I start and gaze with tearful eyes
On all thy beauties strewn around;
In vain thou show'st thy sunny skies,
Or spread'st thy gay, enamel'd ground,
Alas! when thy enchanting call
Bids all the brightening world rejoice,
Sad on mine ear its accents fall,
I dread to hear thy gentle voice.

For with thy skies and gorgeous bloom,
And all thy fragrant tribes of flowers,
E'er comes a soul depressing gloom
Unkown to winters sternest hours,
The hopes I nursed are stricken down,
The friends I cherish pass away,
And fate displays her darkest frown
When thou, oh spring dost seem most gay.

Oh quickly pass, ye vernal hours,
Delay not in your onward flight;
Depart ye buds and gorgeous flowers
And skies with golden beauty bright,
Tho' many a countless charm is thine,
To me no joy thy visits bring,
In vain thy varied beauties shine
I dread thy presence gentle Spring,
Philad. May 1, 1834. *****

The Polish Children.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"The last diabolical act of Russian policy has been to intoxicate the children of the condemned Poles, in order that they may sing while on their way to the mines."—*Extract of a Letter.*

Forth went they from their father-land,
A fallen and fettered race,
To find upon a distant strand,
Their dark abiding place.
Forth went they—not as freemen go,
With firm and fearless eye;
But with the bowed down mein of woe,
As men go forth to die.

The aged in their silver hair;
The young in manhood's might;
The mother with her infant care;
The child in wild affright—
Forth went they all—a pallied band,
With many an anguished start;
The chain lay heavy on their hand,
But heavier on their heart!

No sound disturbed the desert air,
But those of bitter wo,
Save when at times re-echoed there
The curses of the foe.
When hark! another cry pealed out—
A cry with idiot glee,
Answered and brightened by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery.

'Twas childhood's voice—but ah! how wild!
How demon like its swell!
The mother shrieked to hear her child
Give forth that soulless yell!
And fathers wrung their fettered hands
Beneath their maddening woe;
Whilst shouted out those infant bands,
The chorus of a foe!

And curses deep and low were said,
Whose murmur reached to heaven;
And sighs were heaved, and tears were shed,
And women's heart were riven;
While all forgetful of their woes,
The children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose
A vengeance cry to God.

FROM THE MOBILE REGISTER.

Hymn to the Stars.

Ye burning blazonry of God!
Ye glittering light that never die!
That pave the realms by seraphs trod!
And hold the untiring watch on high!
And circling Heaven's eternal King,
Ye dwell—His glorious fashioning!

Creation saw your timeless birth,
When from your own clear sapphire skies,
Ye gazed upon the virent earth—
An everlasting paradise!
And seemed to mock with silent gaze,
Nature's green garb and tuneless lays!

Since then ye've read the world's black page,
And seen a stream sublime,
Roll its dark waters o'er an age,
Of countless years of time!
In whose deep, dark, unletter'd caves,
Earth hides her mighty, as in graves.

Life's wasting—but ye still shine on,
And seem to me to be—
The lights upon the horizon,
Of Eternity's black sea!
Pointing to the far-off sun-lit west,
Where all immortal spirits rest!

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern prt of Marietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, iall of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally, both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H, GOODMAN,
October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

INSURANCE AGAINST

FIRE!

HOUSES, BARNS, GOODS, LUMBER YARDS, and other property insured, on application at the agency office of the Franklin Fire Insurance company of Philadelphia next door below the office of the Columbia Spy.

Columbia, May 11th, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.
Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Marietta, Lancaster county Pa. April 1, 1834.

A
Atherton B. Stephen, Albright Henry.
B
Briteman John, Bender David, Betrone Geo. Beam Martin.
C
Clark L. Uriah, Collins Michael.
D
Deplay John.
F
Fausnought Elizabeth, Fengerd Andrew.
G
Gamber John, 2, Gilman Mary, Gorl Henry.
H
Harkins Dennis, Hiestand Jacob, 2, Hantz Andrew, 2, Hutton Rebecca, Hyple Sarah, Heisler Charles, Haines Henry.
J
Jacobs Jonathan, Johnson Marian,
K
Kelley John, Keushter John.
L
Lecture Wm., Lattin Esther, Lewis Abel.
M
McMulta Cormick, Myers John, MeElkroy Samuel, Mumma John.
P
Philip Jno., Pennington B. Jno.
R
Rice Wm., Ream Jno., Ream Geo.
S
Shenberger Henry, Sharper Rachel, 2, Shuler Geo. Sherer Christ, Smith Izrael, Sands Wm., Sowders Sam.
W
Winchell Abraham, Waldman Joseph.

JACOB GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, April 3, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster county Pa., April 1, 1834.

John Kugle, Christian Grove, 2, Catharine Sultzbaugh, Samuel Hackenberger, John Smith, Mr. Johnston, John Hanes, Conrod Sigler, John M. Whitehill, Michael Brenneman, John S. Brenneman, Hetty Lynch, John Rumbough, 2, Andrew Hershey, Christian Leichty, Samuel Tomlinson, Henry Eagle, Jacob Like, Isaac Strohue, William Brown, Joseph Leager, Jacob Kulp, Mary Wilson, Elizabeth Maize, Mary Poist.

GEORGE FERREH, P. M.

Maytown, April 3, 1834.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

OFFICE at the corner of Locust and Second Streets, next to the Printing Office.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, an may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

PROPOSALS,

By Adam J. Glossbrenner, of York, Pa.

FOR PUBLISHING, BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A HISTORY OF YORK COUNTY,

From its erection to the present time.

By Wm. C. Carter & A. J. Glossbrenner.

The facts, composing the proposed work, are derived from the most authentic sources.—The late Mr. Carter devoted a number of years to the collection of facts pertaining to a history, of this county, and had brought his notes for that history up to the year 1824, when the work was left incomplete by his death. The subscriber recently succeeded in obtaining possession of those notes—has now reduced them to order—and has, at no small expenditure of time and labor, put himself in possession of such facts as will enable him to continue the history to the present time.

CONTENTS OF THE WORK.

A history of this section of the country, prior to the erection of the county of York, with interesting notices of the earliest settlers.

An account of the progressive improvement of the county.

A number of quaint documents with the early history of the town and county.

A typographical and historical sketch of the Boroughs of York, Hanover, &c.

A history of the most remarkable events connected with the history of the county, embracing atmospheric phenomena, floods of the Codorus, insurrection of the blacks in 1803, &c. &c. &c.

A notice of Congress, during its session in York, and the causes which induced its removal to this place.

A brief notice of the various churches in the county, their first erection, their pastors from time to time, &c.

A list of all the Sheriffs, Coroners, Commissioners, Treasurers, Congressmen, State Senators, Assembly, &c. of the county up to 1834.

A statement of votes for governor polled in this county, from the time of the contest between Mifflin and St. Clair, down to that between Wolf and Ritner.

Biographical notices of some of the most distinguished individuals who have resided in this county.

A list of all the newspapers and other periodicals ever published in this county, the time when they were established, and by whom.

Post offices in the county.

Census of the county at different periods.

In addition to the information to be given under the above heads, a variety of interesting facts will be introduced under the head "Miscellaneous."

The work will contain between 200 and 300 pages, will be printed on good paper, strongly bound, and delivered to subscribers at $1,50 per copy.

The Public's Obedient Servant,
A. J. GLOSSBRENNER.

York, Pa. April 9, 1834.

Receipts and Expenditures of the Borough of Marietta, from March 31st 1833, *to March* 31st, 1834, *inclusive.*

Amount of Duplicate of 1833	$731	57
Amount received for license of shows,	26	75
Amount received for stall rents,	4	50
Amount of fine,	4	50
Amount of rent for public ground and School House lot,	19	00
Amount received for Bank,	25	00
Amount rec'd for School House rent,	10	00
Amount rec'd for Stall rent for 1834,	15	31¼
Amount rec'd for do. do. for 1834,	5	25
Amount received of J. Stackhouse for Ludwicks pavement,	28	34
Amount received of Jacob Stahl for Public Ground rent, for 1834,	15	00
	$885	22¼

Paid McElroy for going to Harrisburg and conveying Burden's children to the Poor House,	6	25
Paid for printing,	7	50
Paid for taking Assessment,	20	00
Paid for hauling,	12	00
Paid for Stationary,	1	20
Paid to street Commissioners for repairing streets,	346	37½
Paid expenses of the Market house,	7	92½
Paid discount and part of principal in Bank,	146	50
Paid percentage to the Collector,	63	48
Paid High Constable salary,	18	75
Paid Clerks salary and clerking election,	31	00
Paid for removing nuisances,	1	62½
Paid for laying pavement,	9	99
Paid for repairs at Public Schoolhouse,		60
Paid S. D. Miller as Burgess, and other services,	24	75
Paid law suit expenses,	22	54
Paid bill due of former years,	58	08
Paid contingent expenses,	2	43¾
Uncollected tax of 1833,	61	20
Cash in the Treasury,	43	02
	$885	22¼

RECAPITULATION.

Borough of Marietta, Dr.

To the Farmers' Bank of Lancaster,	500	00
" a balance due James Wilson,	11	87
" a do. due Benjamin Garman,	10	50
" a do. due Jacob Sheidley,	4	41¼
" a do. due Lewis Leader,	12	97½
" amount due David Rinehart,	8	57½
" do. due James Mehaffey,	6	44
" do. due Abraham Cassel,	2	83
" do. due James Glenn,	17	85
" a balance due John H. Goodman,	1	85
" a do due J. Spangler,	3	67½
	$580	98

Borough of Marietta, Cr.

By amount due by John Roberts in suit,	35	60½
" note due by Jacob Libhart, in suit,	15	59½
" outstanding taxes of 1833,	61	20
" cash in the Treasury,	43	02
" amount due by the Borough,	425	56
	$580	98

The foregoing account has been examined and approved of by the undersigned, a committee appointed by the Town Council of the Borough of Marietta, to audit and adjust the Borough accounts.

JAMES WILSON,
LEWIS LEADER.

Attest,

SAMUEL S. GROSH, T. C.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, as has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE, which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES, GROUND SPICES Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorder arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S

HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all of which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Pine Wood

For SALE at CHIQUES SAW MILL, price 50 cents per half Cord.

January 11, 1833.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays.*

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER.

March 14, 1833.